

UNCLE SAM'S BLUEJACKETS PRIMED FOR QUICK WAR DUTY

Great Battleships More Than Mechanism in Their Almost Human Capacities—Life Aboard Giant Sea Fighter Described in Detail

This is the first of two articles giving the earliest account of life aboard the United States fleet written since the war began. The last will appear tomorrow.

By GOVERNOR MORRIS
SOMEWHERE NEAR AMERICA, May 24.
On Friday, May 11, I received permission to visit a fleet of United States warships, was told where to find it, how to reach it and that until Thursday, May 24, I must not convey to the newspapers which I represent any of the impressions which I should make upon me, nor all of the impressions until the end of the war.

It may be of interest to the public to know that the fleet which I visited is somewhere in American waters, and that, backed by the proper authority, it may be reached by several ways. More than this I am not permitted to say, nor may I give the composition of the fleet, nor the names of the ships composing it, nor of any of the officers governing those ships.

I must deal in impossibilities. If I saw faults or virtues I must not particularize. In short, I must tell about the fleet without telling about it, and give a general impression with most of the impressions left out. I shall deal, then, rather with the humanities of the fleet rather than with its mechanics; with its aspects rather than its potentialities. And with one particular ship rather than with many.

BATTLESHIP A MAN
It has been said that a modern battleship is a machine. It is not. It is a man. His eyes may no longer have the vision of youth, but he sees through a hundred pairs of eyes and a hundred pairs of ears. His hands may be gnarled and his feet may be shod in iron, but he has the strength of a man and the endurance of a man. He has the vision of a man and the endurance of a man. He has the strength of a man and the endurance of a man.

It is as if his brain had multiplied his eyes and made telescopes of them, had increased his body to an amazing size, had multiplied his hands and feet to an amazing number, had lengthened his arms and strengthened his hands until they could reach out clear over the rim of the world, and then wash and crush and tear and kill. It was twenty years since I had set foot on a battleship. There was something familiar about him and something strange. It was like meeting a promising friend of your boyhood after he had grown into a man. (I will not be she warships, nor her them. They are men.) He had grown older, wiser, grayer, stronger, broader, taller and swifter. And, though I had had forgotten the best, nor the worst of those things which we had once had in common, he eyed me askance, and I felt embarrassed and shy.

SEA LIFE NOW MORE KIND
The officer of the deck spoke to a seaman. And of the sea I knew that that friend battleship had not only grown stronger and greater, but so sure of himself that he could afford to be more courteous and more kind. Things happened. A man came and went. One threw dice for the cigars. One lost. One listened and one talked, and one began to associate in the back of one's head this face with the right face of the other and certain insignia with the office of the wearer.

No two faces of the uniformed men around the long, narrow table of the ward room were alike. But they were all fine, clean-cut faces of rigorously educated men in the pink of physical condition. Like all travelers, they were broad-minded, and like all men who have been brought up among true values, they were without affection of any kind.

No two faces were alike, and no two men, I think, at that long table came from the same city or even from the same State, and yet with certain strongly marked and fine identities the service had stamped them all.

WHAT SERVICE MEANS
These men were a telling and a thrilling answer to those who raise objections to universal service. They were the proof that by training and self-sacrifice sectional lines and jealousies may one day be abolished among us. And that no man, ere his suspicions are laid, will need to inquire whether another man comes.

Let me try to show you what I mean. From the tones of their voices I tried to guess the localities from which they came. If I played this game with civilians I should hit some bullseyes, but here in every instance my shot flew wide of the mark. I guessed that the man who was from South Carolina; Iowa was his State. Another I credited to Maine; his birth had done honor to New Mexico.

All this puzzled me, and I sought a solution. I could not, however, find it. It was credit, because the chaplain, who so resembled the others in breeding, courtesy and common sense, had begun his naval career as an enlisted man, but I gave Annapolis a good deal of credit, and the rest I gave to the service itself.

The identities were of the sort that I should like to see stamped upon the framework of the average man, upon his face, upon his body and upon his manners. They were the identities which result from learning good habits at an age when the average boy is learning bad habits; which result from having normal vision and always looking people in the eyes, which result from a common devotion to something which is bigger than any individual; which result from individual responsibilities which are usually borne so that one infinitely greater responsibility can be borne in common.

NO TWO ALIKE
Yet no two of them were in the least alike. The executive officer would command a staggering salary as the head of a department store; the navigator's passion was for great circles and the stars and clay gins shooting; there was one who dreamed of ballistics as all dreamed of their wives and their babies and their sweethearts. And there was another, by no means the oldest, a long, driving man with a face like an eagle's, whose passion was for the ship and for every rivet, screw, thread, lens, shell, cannon, torpedo and character that made the ship efficient and terrible—and whom all revered.

As for the chaplain, if he ever goes to Billy Sundaying in my town I shouldn't wonder if I hit the trail. It was he who when one complained that they had among them nine daughters and but three sons, comforted them by stating that daughters do not come home smelling of liquor and cigars.

THE GOOD HEALTH QUESTION BOX

By JOHN HARVEY KELLOGG, M. D., LL. D.

To answer to health questions, Doctor Kellogg in this space will gladly give advice on preventive medicine, but in no case will he take the risk of making diagnosis or prescribing for ailments requiring surgical treatment or drugs.

An Appetite Cure
WHAT can one do when he has more appetite than he needs? One of the first things he can do is to eat hard, dry food so that he will have to masticate every bit of it—chew thoroughly. The majority of people who eat too much do so because the hasty manner in which they eat smother the instinctive reflex which tells us we have eaten sufficient food. When we take food into the stomach some of it is soon digested and absorbed; it reaches the hungry center and gives notice that food has come, so that we stop eating before we have eaten too much.

One may sit down to eat with so keen an appetite that he feels as though he could eat an almost unlimited amount, but within a short time his appetite is so completely satisfied that he almost feels as though he should never want food again. When the appetite is completely satisfied that sensation of hunger is quite forgotten. What causes the sudden change? The food is still in the stomach. It has not been assimilated or digested; but a small amount of the food has been digested and taken into the blood circulation, and the body has been notified that its wants are supplied; the stomach is notified to receive no more food and it refuses to expand to admit it.

Precipitated Chalk
What is precipitated chalk?
It is pure chalk—carbonate of lime.

Buttermilk—Fresh Milk
Who is buttermilk more wholesome than fresh milk?
Buttermilk is more wholesome than ordinary milk for the reason that it is already curdled, and the curds taken into the stomach are broken up into small particles, whereas when ordinary milk is taken into the stomach it forms large, hard, tough curds which often escape digestion.

Water After Meals
How soon after a meal may one drink water?
One may drink water whenever he is thirsty, but he should take only a small amount at a time. One may take water freely without injury an hour or two after eating.

German-American Subscribers for Bonds
READING, Pa., May 24.—George D. Hoad, a leading German-American textile manufacturer of this city, has subscribed for \$100,000 of the Liberty Loan bonds.

FINE ARTS AND FOX SHOW NEW MOVIES

Wilfred Lucas and Nance O'Neil
Seen in Photoplays—Taylor
Holmes Joins Essanay

By the Photoplay Editor
REGENT.—"The Final Payment." Fox with Nance O'Neil and Alfred Hickman. Story and direction by Frank Powell.

Age of plot doesn't prevent this picture from being impressive in spots, and as a whole fairly human in a high-strung, pre-calculated way. It will remind the veteran photoplay-goer of some of Griffith's one-reel seashore Biographs of unhappy love and vengeance. They were 1000 feet long. This is 5000 feet long. The inference is easily drawn. Miss O'Neil is not especially well placed in the part of the Spanish girl. More close-ups at crucial points might have brought out her fine dramatic forcefulness and stressed the acting of other members of the cast. "The Final Payment" depends on two very primitive situations, the picking up by an innocent man of a weapon with which murder has been done and his unfair execution, and the impersonation of the murdered man by a living woman to terrify the guilty one. The photography is good, but too much of the laboratory work had; there are few vignettes or effects, except a sort of gum-print leader that fades naturally into the ensuing action.

MARKET STREET.—"Hands Up!" Fine Arts Triangle, with Wilfred Lucas and Colleen Moore. Story by Al Jennings. Directed by Tod Browning.

Wilfred Lucas is always an interesting player. He isn't an actor, for as we all know actors "smoke" and "tragedy" on all occasions. Mr. Lucas has splendid quietude of manner; dignity and naturalness; even in films that aren't intrinsically very important. "Hands Up!" is just that. It is rather deft in plot work, and its descriptions are apt to please the fan who doesn't think far ahead. But the direction hasn't done what it should have for the play. Action too far from the camera; some grey, commonplace lighting; lack of pulse and passion—these deficiencies are not what one expects from Fine Arts with its prestige of rarely beautiful photodramas. Some of the long shots are telling. The real trouble with "Hands Up!" a trouble that no end of warning seems to remedy, is its length. In three parts this would have been a corking little entertainment.

Faylor Holmes, one of the truly amusing farceurs of the legitimate theatre, and linked with Philadelphia through his appearances with the old Ritz Stock Company, has joined Essanay. Mr. Holmes has a mobile and funny face, and if Essanay doesn't get his weight in dollars out of his movies, it won't be his fault.

One day three years ago a young reporter for a southern newspaper was wandering along the streets of a Virginia city, when an idea popped into his head. It impressed him that long after he had retired that night he lay awake thinking about it. The following day the idea kept on growing until he just couldn't keep it to himself. So he took his brother into his confidence and together they capitalized a photograph of the whole which he had in his pocket into a \$100,000 stock company. A group of Virginia millionaires eagerly provided the money. They saw the possibilities of the idea. In a short while he had invented a submarine chamber, large enough to accommodate a half dozen men, attached to his father's submarine tube, an invention the United States navy is fully cognizant of, and the brothers went far out into the big ocean.

They took with them a motion-picture camera, hidden in their submarine chamber. As they went along the bottom of the ocean they kept turning the crank and feasting their eyes on a panorama of wonders, coral reefs and past the wrecks of ships they went, not stopping until they came to the tropics. Here they encountered

marine gardens which are shown in the picture now on view at the Forrest—28,000 League Under the Sea.

Then the reporter threw up his job on the Virginia L. and with his brother went in for moving pictures under the sea. The reporter was one of the Williamson Brothers.

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A day and boarding school for boys preparing for college and scientific school.
A country day school for city boys, who may spend the whole day at the school, returning home in time for the evening meal.
Especially low rates for five-day boarders who spend Saturday and Sunday at home.
High standards of scholarship combined with unsurpassed athletic equipment, including gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic fields, etc.

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J. L. PATTERSON, Headmaster

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White Corduroy Sport Skirts
Smart skirts of white washable wide-wale corduroy; gathered style with two sport pockets and belt.



Special for Tomorrow 2.95

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Smart blouses of voile and batiste; frill, embroidery and lace trimmed with new sailor collars. Exceptional Value 2.00

New Fibre Silk Sweaters

Fibre Silk Sweaters in Copen., purple, maize and watermelon pink; also black and white, sash, sailor collar and pockets. Extraordinary Value 5.00



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Wholesome and nutritious—always a favorite with the little folks. Fresh from the N. B. C. ovens.

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10c doz. Large and bright—sound as a dollar.

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CALIFORNIA PEACHES

13c, 18c, 20c Can Very choice California Peaches, packed in a pure heavy sugar syrup.

AMERICAN STORES CO.

WE PAY THE PRICE
The price of business success is summed up in two words—VALUE and SERVICE.

Whatever else may be said of the subject, every one knows that the measure of success any business acquires is always in relation to the value given, and the service rendered.

Good goods reasonably priced, supplemented by complete and satisfactory service, is the answer to the why and wherefore of the success of ACME TEA CO., ROBINSON & CRAWFORD, THE BELL CO., CHILDS GROCERY CO. and GEO. M. DUNLAP CO.

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As we have said many times before—it is the confidence of "All the people, all the time," that gives this organization its strength.

Our Very Best COFFEE, lb. 20c

Our New American Stores Blend that under Our "Every Day" Economy Plan we have "nailed" down to 20c lb.
We sell only one blend—OUR VERY BEST.
Don't get alarmed at the price, but test it at our expense
If upon using it you do not pronounce it the finest "cup" you ever drank, bring back the unused portion and we will refund the full price paid.
ROASTED FRESH DAILY

High-Grade Cake, Pkg. 10c | Pound Cake, lb. 20c
GOLD AND SILVER, covered with a delicious icing—on sale in all our stores every day. Three kinds—Plain, Fruited and Marble—on sale Friday and Saturday only.

FINE QUALITY TEA lb. 35c
1/2-lb. pkg., 18c | 1/4-lb. pkg., 9c
Black, Mixed or Assam—Blended to suit all tastes.

STRICTLY FRESH EGGS Doz. 40c
Every egg guaranteed as represented. Strictly fresh.

FANCY BUTTER lb. 45c, 48c
Fancy Creamery Butter—priced according to its true value.

SEASONABLE GOODS AT OUR ECONOMY PRICES
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Sweet Juicy Oranges, dozen 15c, 25c
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Royal Baking Powder, can 8c, 22c
Quaker or Mother's Oats, pkg. 8c

FANCY PEAS Can 12c, 15c, 16c
Delightful Peas—all the garden flavor of peas just fresh from the pod.

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Full size package big, meaty Raisins.

EVAPORATED MILK (Large Can) 11c
Preferred by many to fresh milk in tea or coffee.

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FANCY BUTTER lb. 45c, 48c
Fancy Creamery Butter—priced according to its true value.

SEASONABLE GOODS AT OUR ECONOMY PRICES
Fancy Full Cream Cheese, lb. 30c
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Baker's or Wilbur's Cocoa, can 9c, 18c
Baking Powder, can 4c, 15c
Royal Baking Powder, can 8c, 22c
Quaker or Mother's Oats, pkg. 8c
Peanut Butter, glass 9c
Pure Jelly, glass 9c
Olives, bottle 9-15c
Sardines, can 6-12c
Salad Dressing, large bottle 9c
Sweet Chocolate, cake 4c
Karo Syrup, can 10c
Farina, pkg 9c
Crisp Nuts, pkg. 12c
Cornstarch, pkg. 7c